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## Chicken Shed Theatre "Backdown Denver Lane"

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[STACIE LUVLY ONE] I stumbled on this photograph It kinda made me laugh It took me way back Backdown Denver Lane... (Buck buck with the Studio Gangsta) (Me and my homies are goin') Backdown Denver Lane... (Buck buck with the Studio Gangsta) (Me and my homies are goin') Backdown Denver Lane... (Buck buck with the Studio Gangsta) (Me and my homies are goin') Backdown Denver Lane... It took me way back

## [STUDIO GANGSTA]

I'm chillin' in my hood with the homies gettin' bent This is West/Side Denver, 111 percent Crackin' those Four-O's, gonna kill a 9-0 We creeped in a Duster and busted on the hustlers They couldn't make ?a make-up his passengers? Imagine (?we them gangstas? ?? some empty cartridges)

75 round hollow points, you Crabs get the point Another Ricket got smoked like the joint Reload the jammies to milk some "Rice Crispies" But the Stones is deep, we pull some skirts on the "Sissies"

Our driver got scared so we had to remove her (Fuck that bitch) we went bustin' on the "Boovers" One was dressed in Gucci but claimin' "Hoochie Coochie"

He could never be a soldier like Tone Allen Fugee Or my big brother King Babalu from Piru If we kill one Ricket, then we gots to kill two We out fightin' and slicin' but not like Tyson Dressed in red, sellin' dope, livin' hard (sacrificin') Our lives is on the calendar, it's sure to come But my head is hard, I say: "Fuck "Snot Guns"!" Then wipe my nose, hey, something's itchin' me

I scratched me knee, killed a B.G. flee Got hungry, stuck in the kitchen Killed a big plate of "Eggs, Toast and Grits" Then melt some cheese on my bread and I kill the "Cheese Toast" Kill a Front Street, Bacc Street and kill a "Meatloaf" Kill a "Shoe-Lace" (buck-buck) by time I'm tight Kill a "Fake Street", die tryin' to fight The Denver Lane Gang (buck-buck), so you bet not chuckle Fuck ???, we beat Crabs with brass knuckles Cause one slipped in the hood and tried to cross out Denver We beat his ass to a pulp, a day he'll always remember But he can't, B-Blood's is layin' dead In the middle of the street, red flag on his head Compliments from the Denvers, and we don't care Kill a "Nappy Head", yeah, tell 'em come to here Kill the "Compton Crabs", "Long Bitch" and "Pooh Butts" Kill the P.J. Watts and "Waffles", we swallow 'em up Kill the ??? sprayin' with the Uzis Kill a "Four Tramp Monkey Street" plus the "Five-Dookies" A bitch is the reason I made this rhyme Miss Drag, also known as Miss Frankenstein A killer rollin' one hundred While I'm holdin' one hundred Dollar bills in my pocket And stoppin' feedin' my stomach To break the hundred, killed you like that And that ain't shit, my pocket is still on fat My homie lives in the Front, Monte ??? got my side Trey K's in the back, and he's strapped in his black ride Waitin' on nuthin', about to go on a mission All gats are loaded, keys in the ignition Let's go! Finger points are framin' Saw a Crab on the way, Monte was pointin' and aimin' We enter their hood, I grinned and patted my .9 Last time they was scared and spared by One-Time Trey's my dog, and saw the nigga in flew Lyn gave me the scoop, so I jumped out the Coupe Cocked the shell in the chamber, felt just like a stranger Right behind this Crab who don't know he's in danger I speeded my step, quiet as kept And the way I was dressed you'd probably think I was a prep I said: "What's up Blood?" He said: "You don't bang" You's a motherfuckin' liar, this is West/Side Lane Gang Bang bang bang, that's what I did

Jet back to the hood, 109th and Fig' Then went to Gills to buy some drink drink It's a big hoo-ridin', hmm, let me think I grab the gin and 'secco, oh yes, we must And took one freak to the house, you know what? (She freaked us) And turned on the news around 11 o'clock It's just another "Rice Crispies" snapped, crackled and popped

Backdown Denver Lane... (Buck buck with the Studio Gangsta) (Me and my homies are doin') It took me way back Lane, Lane, Lane, Lane...

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